I Was Bored

It was one of the first nice days of spring but I was bored. My wife

wanted to get out of the house so we used the excuse of shopping for a

skirt or new pair of shorts for the summer. She has been pretty ambitious

about getting back into shape and last year's things don't fit anymore.

My wife had always been a bit of a flirt, the kind of woman that seems to

always have a circle of people around her. Now she was looking good enough

for one of her friend's husbands to point it out. In front of his wife.

That was his mistake and his story. Mine has a happier ending. I found a

$7 cure to boredom.

While I checked out the hardware store next door she had purchased a new

skirt. She wanted to put it on before we left the parking lot. Shyness

created a minor thrill while she was changing in the car. She was going to

keep her thong on so I decided to complain about the heat in the car and

open my door. She knew what I was up to and still went through with it.

The people in the parking lot couldn't really see her that much better,

but they would at least know what she was doing. We had played a few games

like this in the past and I knew she was proud of her body even if she was

a bit shy about showing it.

Outside the car at our next stop I guided her between the cars for a

minute. She was confused until she felt my hands heading up her skirt.

Before I even got to the thong she had figured it out. My wife was trying

to ask me what I was up to and look around to see who was watching while I

lifted each foot and slipped the thong off. Her new skirt was only halfway

up her thighs so she wouldn't really be in trouble as long as she didn't

bent over much. The wind was a bit gusty so she sure felt different but

kind of liked the freedom.

It was a big store but we didn't find much for me to try on. She didn't

want to keep the first couple things she brought into the changing booth

either. As we walked past the lingerie section I spotted a rack of very

short cutoff skirts. She told me they were meant for teenage girls but

agreed to try them on. She picked two and headed back to the changing

rooms. She wasn't wearing any knickers and she wasn't going to be able to

forget that in a skirt even shorter than the one she had on.

She called to me to look, not wanting to step outside the changing room in

the latest skirt. I could just about spread my hand wide enough to touch

the top and bottom of the cutoffs with my pinky and thumb. I was trying to

get her out to the mirror, and besides, the store wouldn't want me to step

into the area with all the women's changing booths. The mirror looked fine

to her from where she was. She tried on the other skirt (the same style in

another size). This time she hesitantly walked over to the mirror. It

wasn't even ten feet from the safety of the booth, but she was practically

paralyzed with the knowledge that she wasn't wearing knickers and the skirt

was so incredibly short. My wife had only recently started wearing a thong

outside of the bedroom. She grew up in a city that was further north and

cooler, where a skirt like this would have been a sensation. If other

shoppers had could see her thong below the skirt she would just die, but

the thong was still out in the car. She felt naked even if nobody around

her could tell.

Some discount woman's clothes are pretty cheap. She clearly would never

have even looked at the skirt but for $7 I figured why not. She was

rolling her eyes at me signaling that she had been pushed far enough, but

I kept the second skirt and picked out a top with only one shoulder strap

and an oval hole to show a bit more skin in front. It covered enough to

not attract too much attention, but was thin and form fitting enough to

notice it was a woman wearing it. She was feeling her oats as we continued

shopping, stopping in front of a mirror to raise the skirt she had worn

into the store until I could see her fur's reflection. She had looked

around first, and it didn't last long, but she had tried something bolder

than she could have imagined that morning.

Trying on shoes had it's potential but we didn't push it too far. I could

see her quite clearly as I sat in front of her and massaged her feet. The

shoe rack blocked everyone else, however I could see right up the skirt

and she knew it. The mild risk and a nice foot massage kept her aware of

her situation without panic. She selected a comfortable pair of low healed

cheap plastic shoes and we headed for the register. Out of the almost

forty dollars I spent, the $7 cutoff skirt was the only thing I really

cared about.

Back in the parking lot I guided her in between the cars again. This time

she could already guess what I had in mind and she wasn't really ready for

it. I don't know where she thought she would wear that skirt. Right here

sounded like a good idea to me. She told me I was very brave. O.K. she was

being a little sarcastic. I was making the suggestions but it was her body

being exposed. The important thing is she did it. She changed into the new

skirt and top in the backseat with me standing in the open door. She

cheated a bit, pulling up the new skirt before sliding off the old one.

She also didn't remove her bra until after the new top was on.

She stood up and I sat down sideways, with my feet out the car door. The

skirt was cut off only about two and a half inches from her pussy. Ruffles

lifted it out a bit so it was effectively a little bit shorter. She felt

every breath of air under her skirt, as the wind hadn't calmed down much.

I turned her around and saw the skirt's bottom was just even with her

bottom. Even if the wind waved it a little no one walking behind her would

see clearly enough to know if she was wearing a thong. You would know

there were no grandma knickers, but you couldn't rule out a thong. That's

the beauty of only being able to catch a quick glimpse up the bottom of a

skirt. You can't always be sure exactly how much you saw, and how much you

just imagined. I can imagine a lot, but this time I didn't have to. I'm

her husband, so I just asked her to touch her toes. As she bent over the

skirt rose up to the top of the crack in her ass. With the first skirt she

knew she had to be careful about bending. This skirt wasn't going to let

her get away with anything but standing straight up. Years ago girls were

taught to walk ramrod straight by walking around with a couple books on

their head under the watchful eye of a disapproving matron. This skirt

would help her with her posture.

I locked the door and started guiding her towards a nearby shop full of

cheap trinkets. They don't pay anybody much to work in a place like that,

so nobody is likely to care if you wear something inappropriate. I fell

back a few steps and watched her just to confirm that we would really be

able to get away with going into the shop in that skirt. She knocked into

a pile of baskets but I was able to grab them before they fell over. That

would have attracted attention, and she might even have forgot that there

was no way she could pick them up without really attracting attention. The

skirt would not forgive a moment's indiscretion. In an aisle by ourselves

I asked he to give me something on the bottom shelf. The skirt worked

perfectly. A slight outward tilt of the ruffles in the jean material let

it easily slide back down over her ass when she stood up. A clingy skirt

would have required an attention grabbing adjustment every time she moved.

We were back in the car headed home when I saw a park so I pulled in. We

walked around a little and she sat on a swing. There was no one near us so

I stood directly in front of her as she pumped to get the swing going. She

spread her legs to let her feet go just past me on either side at the top

of her swing. I pretended that I would try to kiss her pussy as it

approached. With the angle of the swing and her legs open I could see past

the top of her muff. It was all there, swinging in the breeze. We walked

around some people a little more and started to get back in the car.

I had been the instigator all along, pushing her about as far as she would

go. I never actually dared her; I just looked a little disappointed

whenever she hesitated. I was pushing her limits all over the place but

she could feel nervous as hell and still feel a bit of a thrill at the

same time. It was her idea to pull the scooter out of the trunk and ride

it around the park's parking lot. It was one of those folding things that

looks like a chrome skateboard with a handle. She placed one foot on it

and pushed off with the other. The folding handle telescopes up, but was

not really made for a full size adult. She had to bend over a little to

reach it. In that skirt bending a little meant a lot. The way you move

those things the leg that provides the power reaches out in front and

pushes all the way back to lift up and start again. The limits were

getting pushed even further by this motion.

As she rode past someone the only thing keeping her pussy lips concealed

was the way she held her legs. The very beginning and end of each push

revealed something depending on what side you were on, and especially

clearly as she passed you. There were some people just sitting in their

cars and some walking on the sidewalks. She spent a while enjoying the

feeling of seeing just how much she could get away with. Of course, I

always told her it might be close but she was O.K. She rode around the

cars and past the walkers enough times to give them a chance if they

hadn't caught on the first time she flew past. She may not have completely

believed me but she decided she liked this game and talked about doing it

again sometime.

I took her to a crowded restaurant because she had started to get more

confident. She had started out thinking the short skirt made her look like

a streetwalker. Eventually she realized that no one could actually see

anything unless she let them. Short skirts are common; this one was just

that little bit shorter than some others. Once she slipped on the wet tile

floor in her new low heels. That could have been a disaster. She was able

to grab a railing in time, and I gave her my arm to steady her the rest of

the way.

I told her before dinner that we needed to look at some things in Home

Depot. Where we bought the skirt she was afraid to step out of the

changing booth, but by now she was ready to boldly walk into a store with

mostly male customers, and plenty of them. There was no aisle like that

dollar store where she could bend down and know that no one saw her. The

best we could manage was for me to slip my hand a few times up the back of

her skirt as we were momentarily shielded by pretending to look at some of

the larger items.

She was horny as hell on the way home, but scared about the short distance

from the car to our house. Complete strangers in another city that you

will never see again are one thing, the neighbors are another. I had

enjoyed pushing her limits and I knew how to make this work for me in the

future. We have one of those tilting oval mirrors in the bedroom and she

spent plenty of time checking out the new outfit. She finally concluded

that even if it was real short, she could get away with wearing them

sometimes. That night we were both fired up, but that's not part of this

story.

The next day the cutoffs were washed and ironed and put away on a hanger

next to the new top and other skirt she picked out. She mentioned we might

ride the scooter again with that skirt, and I agreed. I didn't tell her

how much I was looking forward to the idea. It would only have made her

suspicious. A couple days later, while she was out, I cut another inch and

a quarter off the bottom of the skirt. I ran it through the washer a

couple of times to fray the bottom and cover up the fresh cut. She doesn't

even know I can turn the iron on but I even pressed it. She is very

careful about ironing her clothes and would have noticed immediately if it

went back on the hanger without being ironed again.

I haven't actually seen her in it yet, but I have a pretty good

imagination. The thing can't be legal. I figure to be careful about were I

ask her to wear it. Places filled with families and many women are not

going to tolerate it but we might just walk by a stadium as the game gets

out. Always in the next city, of course. I also plan to stick to the

larger cities where people have more to worry about than skirt length. I

have been wondering how long it will be before she notices. She has

already seen herself wearing it in the mirror enough to relax a little

even if it does feel like she is naked. The outward tilt of the ruffles

might just hide any problems when she looks down at herself. She doesn't

want the neighbors to see her in it so I will suggest that she leave and

return wearing the other skirt. That will keep her from looking at herself

in the mirror again with the cutoff skirt when we get home. I have even

been thinking that if this goes on for a while I could try raising the

back even more. I'm sure she would notice the front faster.

Who knows how far I can go before she catches on? You won't catch us in

the mirror aisle at Home Depot, but look around the rest of the place. You

might notice the attractive blond in the impossibly short skirt next to a

man who always seems to be touching her lower back with one hand.

Sometimes the hand might slip. Look closely at the bottom of the skirt. It

cost $7, and it's worth every penny I paid for it.